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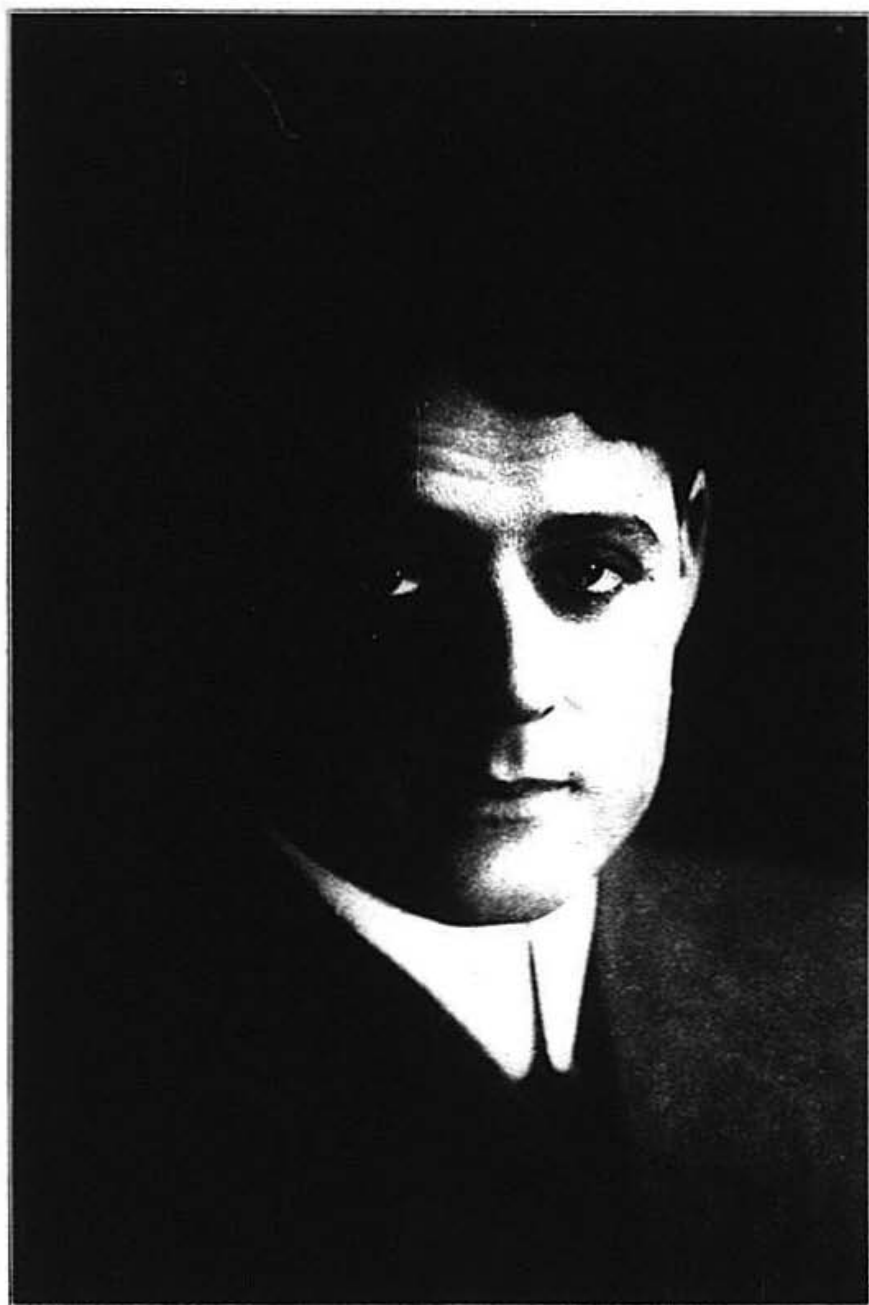
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Scene from "The Actress"
(See page 16)

The Photoplay Magazine

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The Photoplay Magazine

Suite 1208, 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.



"The Mormons"
(See page 19)



The World Before Your Eyes

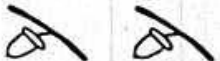


By Prof. Frederick Starr
Chicago University

I have seen Niagara thunder over her gorge in the noblest frenzy ever beheld by man. I have watched a Queensland river under the white light of an Australian moon go whirling and swirling through strange lands lurking with badicoot and kangaroo. I have watched an English railroad train draw into a station, take on its passengers, then chug way with its stubby little engine through the Yorkshire dells, past old Norman abbeys, silhouetted against the sky line, while a cluster of century-aged cottages loomed up in the valley below, through which a yokel drove its flock of Southdowns. I have been to the Orient and gazed at the water sellers and beggars and dervishes. I have beheld fat old Rajahs with the price of a thousand lives bejeweled in their monster turbans, and the price of a thousand deaths sown in their royal nightshirts as they indolently swayed in golden howdahs, borne upon the backs of grunting elephants. I saw a runaway horse play battledoor and shuttlecock with the citizens and traffic of a little Italian village, whose streets had not known so much commotion since the sailing of Columbus. I know how the Chinaman lives and I have been through the homes of the Japanese. I have marveled at the daring of Alpine tobogganists and admired the wonderful skill of the Norwegian ski jumpers. I have seen armies upon the battlefield and their return in triumph. I have looked upon weird dances and outlandish frolics in every quarter of the globe, and I did not have to leave Chicago for one moment. No books have taught me all these wonderful things, no lecturer has pictured them. I simply dropped into a moving picture theatre at various moments of leisure, and at the total cost for all the visits of perhaps two performances of a foolish musical show I have learned more than a traveler could see at the cost of thousands of dollars and years of journey. Neither you nor I fully realize what the moving picture has meant to us and what it is going to mean. As children we used to dream of a journey on a magician's carpet to the legendary lands, but we can rub our own eyes now and witness more tremendous miracles than Alladin could have seen by rubbing his fairy lamp. But we're so matter of fact that we never think of it that way. We're living a mile-a-second gait in the swiftest epoch of the world's progress, in the age where incredibilities come true. We fly through the air, chat with our friends in Paris by squirting a little spark from a pole on one shore of the Atlantic to another pole on the other side, and so

we take as a matter of course that which our greatgrandfathers would have declared a miracle.

The talking machine has canned the great voices and master melodies of our time, but the moving picture machine has done more—it is making for us volumes of history and action. It is not only the greatest impulse of entertainment, but the mightiest force of instruction. We do not analyze the fact that when we read of an English wreck, we at once see an English train before us, or when we learn of a battle, then an altogether different panorama is visualized than our former erroneous impression of a hand-to-hand conflict. We are familiar with the geography of Europe, we are well acquainted with how the Frenchman dresses, in what sort of a home he lives, and from what sort of a shop he buys his meat and greens. We take so much for granted, we are so thoroughly spoiled by our multiple luxuries, that we do not bestow more than a passing thought upon our advantages, because the moving picture machine is an advantage, a tremendous, vital force of culture as well as amusements, an economy not only of money but of experiences. **IT BRINGS THE WORLD TO US.** It delivers the universe to our theatre seat. The moving picture is not a makeshift for the playhouse; its dignity is greater, its importance far beyond the puny function of comedy and tragedy. It is a clean entertainment, lecture and amusement all rolled in one. In its highest effort it stands above literature in its less ambitious phase, its rank above the tawdry showhouse. It teaches nothing harmful and it usually teaches much that is helpful today. The moving picture industry is developed to a high degree of perfection in America and in Europe. Millions of dollars are invested in the production of moving picture films. Entire companies of trained and practiced actors are carried to every interesting spot on the continent and carefully drilled to enact pantomimes which will concentrate within the space of a few minutes the most entertaining and instructive incidents of the world. A new type of dramatists has arisen—men who search through the literature of the ages and construct tableaux in action which will render vividly the entire contents of famous works of the drama, of the novel and of history. The moving picture is not a makeshift, but the highest type of entertainment in the history of the world. It stands for a better Americanism because it is attracting millions of the masses to an uplifting, drawing them and improving them, as well as being an amusing feature of city life. Its value cannot be measured now, but another generation will benefit more largely through its influences than one of today can possibly realize.



PHOTOPLAYS

In Story Form
Condensed for Rapid Reading

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

(Majestic)



Little Mary as Red Riding Hood

The dear old grandma has come to Red Riding Hood's home, bearing a present for her grandchild which she has made herself. This is a beautiful hood made in granny's cleverest and most loving way. Little Red Riding Hood is charmed by it, and expresses her joy freely. Granny then goes home to her lonely hut in the woods, escorted by her niece.

One beautiful autumn afternoon little Red Riding Hood is sent by her mother to take some goodies to grandma. She repairs on her way, but

grows tired and sits to rest under a tree. She stops and dreams the well-known story:

How a wolf in the guise of a friendly dog came and asked her where she was going. She told him, and the said wise wolf sped to granny's cot in a shorter direction. Arriving there he satisfied his wolfish appetite on poor grandma's aged carcass, and donning her night cap took her place in the bed. Little Red Riding Hood appears and enters the bedroom, gladsomely exhibiting her presents. The wary wolf, after a confidential chat, jumps at her. She screams; her father, the woodsman, and his trusty men rush in, dispatch the wolf and save her. Awakened suddenly by her own screams, Red Riding Hood cannot break the spell of that awful dream. So she goes timidly to the cottage, peeks cautiously in at the window, finding granny alive and well.



The Newsy and the Tramp

(Thanhouser)



Ragsy was a plain newsboy. He wasn't even a newsboy with a house; he had been "sellin' papes" from the day his drunkard father kicked him into the street, and his abiding place was wherever Unkind Providence permitted him to hang his cap. Often it was in the park, where a bench made a bed of a sort, and where he always had lots of company. Tramps were thick in that park that year.

Ragsy came to know the tramps. He even came to like them—to admire their carefree, go-as-you-please style of living. When he grew up, HE would be a tramp! How he wished that he were big enough to take to the Road along with its Knights.

The specimen is a husky, handsome young man, who gave up his trade of blacksmith through pure love of travel—wanderlust! Connors shall be his name. Ragsy gathered to Connors at once. He asked if he couldn't go out on the road with him. Connors laughed, but the newsy persisted. In the end, Connors yielded. The kid came along.

Their wanderings are without adventure until they fall in with some tramps who feel that the newsy is just small enough to squeeze into a neighboring hen-roost and pass out some fowl.

This settles Connors. Ragsy will not become a thief! The tramp takes his little chum away from the men who would make him a criminal, and resolves to resume his blacksmithing and keep Ragsy near by where he can keep watch over him. He finds work in a smithy and puts the boy to school.

Here is where his attentions to Ragsy began to earn dividends for Connors. The head of the little country school is the prettiest schoolma'am in all the country, and when the blacksmith enters the building with Ragsy he meets—Her!

Finally, he weds her. Ragsy, let it be said, spurred him on. Newsy knew a good thing when he saw it, and he took care that Connors got the girl. So from being his teacher, the girl becomes Ragsy's mother, by legal process at least, and finds that while the boy couldn't "count" correctly as a scholar, he COULD shoot correctly as a Cupid.



"Newsy and the Tramp"

The Best Policy

Western Comedy

(American)

The three gentlemen had retired from active business, due to persistent attention on the part of the county sheriff, who, with his deputies, were desirous of meeting with the aforesaid gentlemen and assisting them in remaining idle by giving them a home where they would be free from temptation and outside influence. In fact, they were so desirous of meeting the train robbers that they posted notices of reward to anyone who would give them an inkling as to the whereabouts of the lawless trio. Forced to idleness and seeing no immediate prospect of adding to their wealth through the usual channels, the oldest thief and his boon companion determine to appropriate all they had gathered together and leave their companion a chance to work for his living. They take the treasure and conceal it in a tree, but the young robber, having overheard the plan, upbraids the remaining robber. Together they apparently give the old man the double cross. He is fortunate, or unfortunate enough, as the case may be, to hear their plans and forestalls them in getting possession of the treasure. That is, he leaves it in the tree and places a false package in his shirt. The young robber holds him up and secures the package. It dawns on him that there is no necessity for sharing it with the third robber, but that person believes otherwise and relentlessly pursues them to secure his share. After a running fight he at last overtakes his fickle pal and persuades him to share the loot with him.

With great expectancy they open their bag of treasure, to find it is only a bag of loose earth. Disappointment proves too much for them and they console each other. The old robber, having got safely away from his companions, conceals himself in the undergrowth and begins to count the treasure. He is still deeply engaged in that pleasant occupation and fails to hear the approach of the sheriff and his deputies until he finds himself looking with fascinated interest into the mouths of their guns. At the urgent request of the sheriff, who backs his argument by the aforesaid guns, the old robber allows the sheriff to assume the custody of the loot and himself.



"The Best Policy"



The Actress



(Majestic)

(See page 6)

It is the last rehearsal of the new play, upon whose success depends the fortunes of John Millroy—a season's profitable work for the artists of the company—the prosperity of the theater and its employes, and last, but not at all least, the reputation of the star, winsome Ellen Duran.

Ellen Duran has at last succeeded in securing a part that gives to the full, opportunity for displaying all the dainty graces and coquetttries of a maiden charming enough to win the hearts of an audience as well as those of the actors playing opposite her. The company has rehearsed almost up to the hour of the opening of the play, and the manager has sent out for refreshments in order that the almost exhausted people may not be required to leave the theatre for the little time left before the fateful call of half hour, which must find them all in their dressing rooms.

Ellen, however, refuses the food offered her by her maid, and after an anxious moment over the phone, runs to the manager and tells him she must go to her home at once. Her child, a little girl of six, is critically ill at home with pneumonia, and she has just received word that the little one is much worse. Millroy places his car at her disposal and she hurries home to find the state of affairs even more alarming than she had anticipated. The baby's little feet are straying perilously close to the river which all must cross, and while her mother has been bravely at work perfecting the little tricks which shall that night win a thousand hearts to laughter—little arms have reached out bravely for the mother that hungered to be there to comfort.

The doctor's words are not needed to tell her of her child's condition and the mother heart is lashed by remorse at the baby's cry: "Mama, mama; I want my mama!"

The tears come to the manager's eyes, but he turns to the sobbing little woman, and silently shows her the time. She looks up at him in agony—that hard tick of the watch is calling to her, shouting at her—her duty to that public which is now snuggling complacently over good dinners discussing its prospective pleasure in the evening's entertainment she will afford.

Let the watch tick its grim reminder, let it shout a command; that little child's feeble cry tops and drowns all else and the mother, no longer

the actress, refuses to leave her child. The manager flies back to the theatre, but a vain hope that somebody else may be able to play her part is soon crushed. He looks at the stricken company, a short time before alive with joy and anticipation. He hears the growls of the impatient first night audience—he has broken faith with them—he sees a thousand thumbs pointing down; he looks into the white faces of the stage manager and, the leading man and knows their thoughts—she must play the part.

The mother is torn from her child, and out of the house goes a woman with baby cries ringing in her ears and before her eyes an ever-present vision of baby arms reaching out vainly for their mother—reaching out feebly, and then still more feebly until—

Into her dressing room flies the actress and all through that terrible night a dainty little ingenue makes men and women chuckle with laughter that, even after her exit, comes dully, but audibly, to her ears, as with white lips and staring eyes she stands at the telephone demanding news of her child—news that is never of a nature to give one moment's peace to that racked mother soul.

There comes a time when physician and nurse, engaged to their utmost in administering oxygen to the baby can not answer that desperate phone call, and the actress is fairly carried to the wing fighting to retain possession of that slender connecting wire. Her cue comes, she darts in the entrance door and appears upon the stage a mischievous, pouting, laughingly alluring bit of femininity that causes an old gentleman in the audience to nudge his neighbor with the remark that "she is the true spirit of joyous and as yet unhurt youth."

The play ends, and only kept on her feet by the desire to reach her child's bedside, the actress is taken to her home. There is a terrible moment in the hall outside of the bedroom door where a weary, haggard nurse holds up a warning finger and then the mother flies past her into the room where the tired physician catches her and in answer points to the child while a quiet smile of content lightens up his face.

The crisis has safely passed and too bitter a price has not been paid by the little mother for her obedience to the call of her profession.



Bonita of El Cajon

(American)



Bonita was the daughter of the leader of a gang of outlaws. She had never known female companionship and had grown up in her father's camp of lawless, reckless men as free as the birds in her mountain ranges.

One day her father's lieutenant ventured down the mountain, and, find-



ing a beautiful girl outside her home, attempted to kiss her. Freeing herself, she secured a gun from the house and returned to find her assailant gone. When her lover, Jack Dickson, of the rangers, called she told him of the outlaw's attack, and he departed into the mountains to locate and punish her assailant.

Reconnoitering in the mountains, Jack meets Bonita, and the care-free, happy girl is deeply impressed with the handsome ranger. Their meeting is observed by the lieutenant and he informs Bonita's father. When Bonita returns she is told that when she sees the ranger again she must decoy him into camp, as he is dangerous. But Bonita, instead, warns the ranger of the outlaw's intentions. He departs to bring his posse, and Bonita, loyal to her father, returns with a warning of the rangers' contem-

plated raid. They break camp, and while the rangers are searching for them the outlaws arrive at the home of the ranger's sweetheart, for the lieutenant has determined to make the plucky girl his wife and also to use her as a club to hold off the attack on their camp. She is turned over to the care of Bonita, and the mountain-bred girl is full of wonder when she sees the beauty and grace of her charge. She attempts to imitate her grace and manner. She sees a locket around the captive's neck and examines it curiously. She accidentally touches the spring and the locket opens, disclosing the handsome, smiling face of the ranger. She asks her captive who he is and learns that the ranger is engaged to her. Bonita is full of jealous fury, but at last her passion subsides and she determines to rescue the girl for the ranger. This she accomplishes by exchanging places with the captive and sends her to her lover down the mountains.

The ranger's sweetheart shows him the way back to the outlaw's camp. The old outlaw, surprised by the sudden attack, points his gun at his daughter, thinking she is the captive girl, and warns the rangers that he will kill her instantly if they come nearer. Bonita turns and laughs at her father. He attempts to shoot the ranger, but Bonita, divining his intentions, throws herself in front of the ranger and receives the bullet intended for the man she had learned to love. The ranger's gun barks in return and the old outlaw joins his daughter in the Great Beyond. The ranger's posse takes care of the other outlaws, while the ranger and his sweetheart kneel beside the body of little Bonita of El Cajon.



The Mormons

(American)

(See page 8)



In the early days of the West it was customary for the Mormons to attack wagon trains, in order to secure new wives in the practice of their polygamus belief. This story deals with such an attack. The young son of the Mormon elder was dearly beloved and faithful, and was given the post of outlook, to locate wagon trains, ascertain the number of men and women in them, and assist in the attack. One morning he spies through his powerful telescope a lone wagon crossing the prairie. He hastens to a council of the Elders and tells them of the approaching immigrants. He is sent to ascertain the number of men with the wagon and encounters the girl. It is a case of love at first sight. He gazes earnestly in the girl's eyes and sees an answering light in their depths. Then he realizes his mission and that the capture of these women will make them the wives of the prophet. A fierce desire overcomes him to possess her for himself, a thing not possible in the church. He renounces his faith and warns the emigrants.

He assists in fighting off his own people and at last they hold up the flag of truce. The old father learns that his son has become an apostate. Sadly he returns to his home to grieve over his erring son, lost to him forever. The emigrant having been killed, the young Mormon takes his place, and with the girl by his side turns to a new life with the woman he loves.

Objections Overruled

Comedy Drama

(American)

Because he was leading a useless life and was undermining his health smoking cigarettes and kindred vices, Old Jack Howard sent his son to the West with a check for \$1,000 in his pocket and an order to make a man of himself if he wished to inherit the old man's money. That was how Jack Howard, Jr., came to meet Daredevil Anne. He gets a glimpse of her as she comes racing into the town, nearly riding him down, and he determines to make the acquaintance of the dashing young lady. Accordingly, he obtains a horse at the livery and sets out to follow her. Unused to Western horses, the little mustang runs away with him and throws him violently by



the roadside. Daredevil Anne finds him and takes him to her home. Later she leads him a most strenuous life, and he finds that in order to keep the pace she sets he will have to forswear cigarettes and drinking. He is moulded under her influence until he becomes a thorough man, and when he tells her he loves her, he is worthy of her. He telegraphs his father

he intends to marry Daredevil Anne. The father, with visions of a bad match, replies, telling him to come home at once or be disinherited. Jack Howard, Jr., replies, telling his father to keep his money. Angered, the old man determines to go West and stop the marriage.

He is held up by the cowboys on the ranch and told he is a prisoner of Daredevil Anne's. They take him up the mountain side and hold him a prisoner, allowing him to witness the marriage of his son through a powerful telescope. They ask him to sign a paper forgiving the young couple, but he refuses.

In order to compel compliance with their wishes he is lowered over a cliff and the leader threatens to cut the rope with a knife. The old man surrenders and is turned loose to wander down the mountain side.

He stumbles to the ranch, and, approaching the well, tries to remove the dirt that had accumulated during his enforced stay in the mountains. A sweet girl comes to his assistance, and the old man is moved to wish his son had married a woman like the girl beside him. At this moment Jack Howard, Jr., arrives and introduces the girl to his father as his wife, and everybody is happy.



The Tie that Binds



(Comet)



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wallace are an apparently happy couple. They have a luxuriously furnished home, servants, etc., and an air of bliss and contentment seems to pervade the place. But the pair soon elect to disagree, and through a number of quarrels become eventually estranged. The first tilt occurs at the breakfast table, and it is continued when the question of naming the baby at the christening arises. Hubby has his views about the matter, and wife has hers. Bitter words follow and Mr. Wallace departs, vowing he will never see his wife or baby again. The wife tries to persuade him to remain, but her pleadings are all in vain. Two years pass. Mr. Wallace is lonely, and as he looks at the picture of his little one he sighs and longs to clasp his child to his heart. Another scene shows the wife with her darling. Baby is playing on the floor. The wife is lonely for her husband. She looks at his picture in a locket which she wears around her neck, removes it and hangs it around her child's neck. Baby soon falls asleep and the mother then gently tucks it into a small wicker basket, attaches a tag on which is written, "Open immediately and feed," and carries her precious burden to her husband's apartments. Mr. Wallace is out, and the wife hides behind a pair of portieres awaiting developments. Soon Mr. Wallace returns, and, seeing the basket and note, expresses surprise. He opens the basket, and, discovering the locket and his picture, realizes that the little charge before him is his own son. His joy is unbounded, and, clutching his offspring again to his heart, unconsciously calls for the mother. Of course the wife appears and there is an immediate reconciliation.

The Relentless Law

Western Drama

(American)

This remarkable dramatic production depicts that in our civilization the law is supreme and those who disobey its mandates cannot escape just punishment for their crimes. It also exemplifies that higher law beyond man, old as the world, that the innocent must suffer with the guilty.

Having transgressed the law of his country, Jim Dawson is tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary. After a year in the prison he manages to escape, and the intelligence is flashed all over the country. The relentless



machinery of the law is set in motion and the man hunt is on. He is discovered by a posse in the mountains and stalked as if he were a wild beast, a dangerous animal. Running and fighting, hiding and sneaking, he escapes their vigilance, and, securing one of the horses belonging to the posse, again escapes, this time to the house of the woman whom he had married when he still retained the spark of manhood. During his absence a child had been born, born of a union that began with so much of promise and so little fulfillment. The desperate animal does not realize that the child is his, that the woman suffering the torture that comes to those who realize that their love has been showered upon a worthless object, is his wife. "Hide me; save me," is his plea. Mechanically the dazed woman sets about

cleaning his wounds and feeding the famished man. Then the sound of approaching horsemen is heard, and, kissing the child but refused by the wife, the hunted man leaps through the window and is gone. Up in the mountains he finds a cave and believes himself secure. Down in the valley the wife waits with a nameless dread in her soul. Up the mountain road the minions of the relentless law pick up the fugitive's trail.

They locate his lair and camp, knowing that without food or water he is as secure as if behind the thickest bars. At last, starving, thirsty and terror-stricken, the maddened man attempts escape. The guns of the posse flash and the convict has paid the toll exacted by the law. Down in the valley a widow with her fatherless child in her arms waits with a nameless dread in her soul.



The Saving of Dan



(Champion)

In this story, the Photoplay fan will be at sea as to the ending, even though he be generally wise to a picture's conclusion. Here we have just such a construction of plot that the denouement is as surprising as pleasing.

Dan Blake is a cowboy with many good qualities, but he has an ungovernable temper, and we find as a result that all his other traits are submerged by his fearful outbreaks of passion, which are injurious to his welfare. Beating his horse one day, because the animal had annoyed him, and was now resting, he was surprised by the ranch owner's daughter, who roundly berated him and caused his discharge. Humiliated, he took his leave, vowing dire vengeance.

A little later, fate played into his hands. He was sitting by the side of the road, rolling a cigarette, when the girl came along—all unsuspecting. She was on horseback, but in an instant he had dragged her from the saddle. Her struggles were futile against the powerful efforts of the infuriated cowboy. She was in his power now, and he was resolved to make her pay the full penalty of the deep humiliation she had brought him.

But as the girl prayed to him in her distress, he thought of his sister, and his mother, and he drew from his pocket a letter from the former, in which she admonished him to deal with others as he would have her dealt with. A revolution was instantly wrought in his nature. His true manhood asserted itself. He had done more than the conquerors of armies might boast. He had conquered Self. Then he led the sorrow-stricken girl back on her way to her friends, and she, seeing the triumph of his better nature, loved him for it; it was the start toward a greater love.

The absence of the girl brought the cowpunchers, led by her father, to the trail. They had found her hat and revolver where the struggle first occurred, and so they suddenly came upon them in a rocky glen as they made their way, and the enraged father shot the kidnaper of his child before she could explain. It now fell to the girl's lot to nurse the now thoroughly repentant cowboy back to life and health. She then crowned him with the mantle of happiness, for she gave herself to him in wedlock. This is the end which you and I would not ordinary foresee in the beginning.

The Locket

Western Drama

(American)

Because he loved the widow of his old classmate, George Hughes managed to give her a house. But because he was a gambler, a follower of the goddess of chance, she feared to accept his kindly advances. One day while at her cottage Hughes is attracted by a locket attached to a chain around her son's neck. He offers to buy it from the boy, knowing that the locket contained a picture of his mother, but the lad refused to part with



it. When he returns to his own house he writes a proposal to the widow, and in her reply refusing his offer he learns that she fears his influence on her boy in regard to gambling.

She leaves the cottage and goes out of his life. Crushed by disappointment the gambler loses his grip and steadily goes downward until at the end of two years he is a derelict without home or friends.

One morning he awakens in a Western town. Pushing back the door of the freight car that had brought him into the town, he shambles up the street to beg a drink of the first friendly hand. He meets rebuff until a manly young fellow comes along and offers him a couple of coins. In extracting the money from his pocket he drops the locket. The derelict picks it up and recognizes the son of his old sweetheart grown to manhood. But the lad had fallen in with evil companions and was a frequent visitor of the saloon in the company of another ranch foreman who, as his unsuccessful rival in love, wished to encompass his ruin. Knowing the lad is desirous of obtaining more money in order to wed the girl, he tells him of a system in playing poker that is sure to win. Knowing that he has the

pay check for the ranch hands, he waits until the lad cashes it and then steers him against a brace game. He loses the entire amount and disgrace and ruin stare him in the face. He hurries to his home and the mother realizes that the fate she feared has overtaken her boy. His sweetheart assists the mother with the house and the distracted boy rushes out into the night. The old derelict, who had watched the game, determines to try to win it back for the son of his old sweetheart. With the coins given him by the boy he enters the game, and puts skill against skill, trick against trick, bluff against bluff, until he has recovered more than the boy lost. When he cashes in the evil foreman has to be restrained from assault upon the old man and his own Mexican partner.

Learning from the assembled cowboys where the lad lives, he hurries with the money, but he finds him before the home is reached. Stunned by his loss the boy is about to take his own life. Slowly the gun leaves the holster and is turned toward his temple. Then the hand of the derelict grasps the weapon and the boy's hand is stayed. The old man offers the recovered gold, asking in return the locket that he begged ten years before. The joyful son returns to his mother and sweetheart and tells them the joyful news, and outside the window an old man looks once more upon the face of the woman he loves and then passes out of her life forever.



The Two Browns

(Champion)



The story is of the West, the breath of the plains sweeping over the various scenes with unmistakable surety. There are two Browns. One is John W.—the other Joe W. John is from New York City, Joe is to the manner born. These two worthies fall desperately in love with Virginia Dare, daughter of their ranch boss. Virginia favors the suit of John, the New Yorker, and this arouses the jealousy of Joe, who, falling into a bad mood, resolves to gain his ends by foul methods.

This is what he did. He had a friend in New York write a letter to John, making it appear as from John's wife. When John receives it, he regards it as a mistake or a practical joke, and laughingly hands it to Joe. This is what the latter expected, and once in his hands, he saw that it fell into Virginia's hands. That settled it. She spurned John from that time forth, giving him no chance to defend himself, nor the slightest hint of what she had learned, which she, of course, believed.

Then Joe found favor with her, more to spite John than for aught else. Thus did unhappiness come to Virginia and John because of Joe's rascality. Then came the workings of fate. Joe's pal in New York, who had sent the unfortunate letter, wrote to Joe about it. But he addressed it to J. W. Brown, and so it happened that the letter fell into John's hands and was opened by him. You'll remember that his initials were also J. W. He thereat learned of Joe's trickery.

It may well be imagined how Virginia felt when she discovered how wrongly John had been dealt with, so she made amends to him all in her power, showering her gifts of affection upon him in abundance. But we are anticipating a little. Let us go back before the discovery of Joe's perfidy. The parson was just about to tie the knot between Virginia and Joe, when in burst John with the timely evidence, and upset the plans which Joe had so nicely laid.

Joe retired under the scornful and scorching glances of everyone present. No one had a particle of sympathy for him, and John received the congratulations from the guests, which otherwise would have been the other's.

The Justice of the Sage

(American)

Jack Wilson loved his employer's daughter, Bessie, as did also Bill Garvin, the sheriff. But the girl played one against the other in a spirit of coquetry. Jack tells her of his love and is laughed at. Losing control of himself, he seizes her, and, despite her struggles, kisses her. She is very angry. Sorry for what he has done, Jack decides to leave the ranch. He writes a note to his employer.

"Dear Sir: I've got to quit your ranch. I did not mean any harm to your daughter. I love her and I couldn't help it."

He inserts it behind the bulletin board and rides away. The memory of that kiss remains with Bess, and she awakens to the fact that she loves



Jack Wilson. At the same time that Jack told his love to Bess, Bill Garvin asked the old ranchman for his daughter's hand, and when he is refused, becomes angry. In the quarrel that follows Bill strikes the old man with a wrench, and, believing he has killed him, hurries away. He arrives at the barn and sees Jack leading his horse away. He discovers the note, and, reading it, finds a way to place the blame of the murder on Jack. He returns to the orchard and places the note in his victim's hand. Then he notifies the ranch hands of the murder. They hurry to where the old man

is lying, and, finding the letter, believe that Jack has committed the crime. Taking the old man to the ranchhouse they hurry to the saloon, and, finding Jack there, they accuse him. A hasty court is held with the sheriff presiding as judge. Bess cannot believe that her dear father is dead. She remains beside him, and at last her patience is rewarded and he moves and speaks. She summons her mother and the two women soon restore the stricken man to consciousness. Then she learns of the sheriff's treacherous blow and hurries to the courtroom with her news. Sentence has just been pronounced when Bess rushes in, and the sheriff attempts to escape by way of the open window. He is fired upon and killed by the enraged cowboys. Later the old man sanctions the engagement and marriage of his daughter to Jack Wilson.

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Mother Goose

(Champion)



People who are looking for striking and original things in the photo stories will have something to sit up and think about when they see screened "Mother Goose." Think of seeing once again, not in fancy, merely pictured in a child's story book, but right before us in living characters, the familiar figures so dear to our childhood days.

"Rock-a-bye baby on the tree-top" and lo! and behold! there is the tree, and high in its branches is the cradle and the baby, gently swaying in the wind. And there, too, do we see Mother Goose herself, and not only she, but her big, fat goose also. And there she sits smiling at us benignly, the author of all our delight. "When the bough breaks the cradle will fall," and sure enough, the bough breaks and down comes cradle, baby and all. But the best part about this Mother Goose series is its appeal to the grown-up children. And here is where the Champion's originality that we first spoke about shines forth—that is to say, in the manner of its presentation.

We are introduced to a modern scene, everything cozy and comfortable. There sits the old grandfather in his easy chair. There recline the younger married folk by the brightly burning hearth-fire. In tumble the youngsters, and the parents and the old grandfather are soon smothered in their childish embraces. Now the crossed legs of Papa and Grandad are brought into play as horses. The gray-whiskered and gray-haired old Grandfather is once more a child. His face lights up with childish enthusiasm as his voice rings out "Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross, to see a young woman ride a white horse; rings on her fingers, bells on her toes, we shall have music wherever she goes." His joyous enthusiasm becomes infectious as he dashes the little one up and down on his "horse-leg." Soon all the other grown-ups are beating time, and not one in all that room but "as a child" once more.

What is going on in their minds? Look there in the background and see for yourself. There is the sweet, smiling countenance of Mother Goose. There she sits with her fat goose under her arm. She waves her wand, and from our view dissolves the material world of those who a moment ago we had been observing; and before our delighted vision troop forth splendidly caparisoned steeds, ridden by bold-looking knights, and there in front of them, bedecked and beribboned, is the white horse and the beautiful young maiden on its back, whose bells and rings were always a joy and delight to our childhood's fancy. And so it goes, on through the series, which includes, of course, Jack and Jill, who went up the hill and later on tumbled down with all the water, they had drawn a pail of, tumbling on top of them.

Love and Aviation

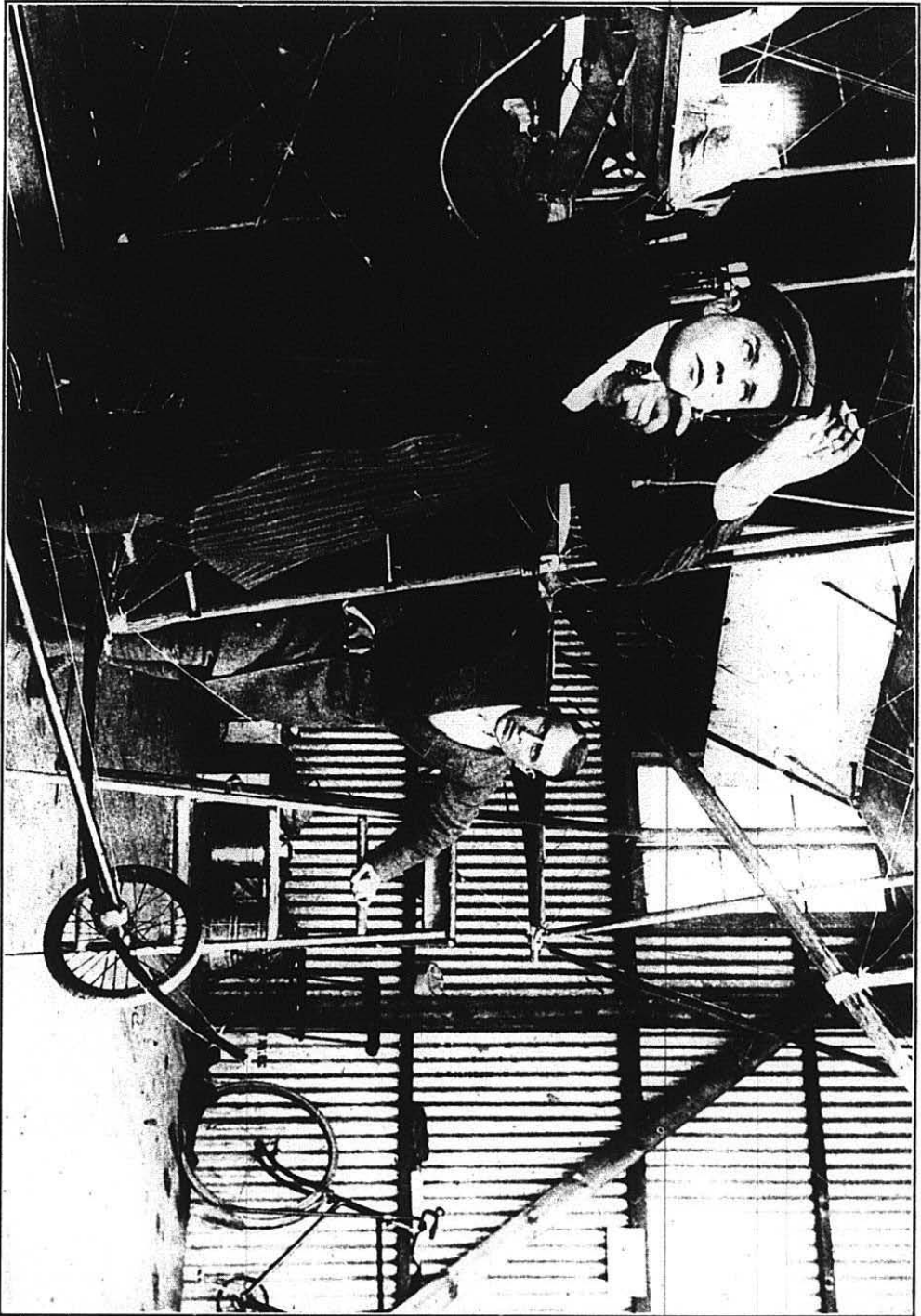
(The Feature and Educational Film Co.)

Mr. Warren, a reporter, whose duty it is to attend social functions, is enjoying a tete-a-tete with his charming and handsome wife, when he receives information from his chief that Flarion, a French aviator, will try to fly over the town that day. Mrs. Warren is elated at the prospect of meeting Flarion, whom fame has made the lion of the hour.



Mrs. Warren prevails upon her husband to allow her to accompany him to the aerodrome. Soon the pair are seen at the flying grounds, and are quickly in conversation with Flarion. It is easy to see that Flarion is unable to withstand the coquettish ways of so beautiful a divinity, and it is in fact a case of fascination at first sight.

Flarion gives the journalist an autographed photo and some particulars concerning his flights. Mrs. Warren, to further her ends, induces her husband to entertain Flarion at dinner at her home, and in the course of the meal the aviator cuts his finger. Although such an accident in the ordinary course of events would be a matter of small importance, it is destined in our story to bring about the wife's undoing. In the garden, while Flarion engages the husband's attention, explaining to him the construction and mechanism of his machine, giving him the diagram, Mrs. Warren is concocting a billet



SCENE FROM "LOVE AND AVIATION"

doux, urging the aviator to return at an early date, as she longs to see him. Flarion, in return, incites his host's wife to meet him at the aviation grounds the next day.

During a temporary absence of Mr. Warren the pair indulge in a mild flirtation and embrace, in the course of which Mrs. Warren's blouse is stained by the blood from the cut finger. Anon, Flarion takes his departure.

Mrs. Warren's fascination has blossomed into something deeper, and her husband surprises her admiring Flarion's portrait and stealing an imaginary kiss. Thus the fire of jealousy is aroused, only to be fanned into flame when on retiring Mr. Warren finds the blood stains upon his wife's blouse.

Mr. Warren concocts a plan by which to circumvent his wife's treachery. He sends himself a telegram, in the name of his editor, requesting him to



get reports of the opening of an exhibition many miles away, and, bidding adieu to his wife, departs, ostensibly on his journey.

This is Mrs. Warren's opportunity, and, decking herself in all her splendor, she visits the aerodome, and is soon in the embrace of her lover. Seated in the rear of Flarion's hangar, locked in each other's arms, they are observed by the husband, who has followed his wife with felonious intent.

His idea at first is to slay the wrecker of his happiness. But he bethinks himself of a means by which, with less risk to himself, he can secure revenge. Accordingly he enters the hangar, and aided by Flarion's diagram, proceeds to damage the machine in a vital part, knowing that any flight by his victim must terminate fatally.

He almost succeeds in his purpose, when Flarion hears a rasping of a file, and cautiously walks into the hangar, pistol in hand, ready to fire, but

upon seeing who was tampering with his machine, silently retreats to the rear of the hangar, and sends away the journalist's wife. He then replaces the damaged stay with a new length.

The extremes to which Warren would have resorted have awakened Flarion to the wrong he was committing, shows him the love that Warren bore his wife; made him determine to gratify Mrs. Warren's desire to take a flight with him, and to open her eyes to the wrong she was doing.

Warren returns to his home and his wife departs for the aviation field. The husband is racked with remorse at the wrong he has done, and phones to aerodrome, only to be informed that Flarion has just taken flight, and



Mrs. Warren has accompanied him. The fact that he fears that he will be responsible for the death of his wife as well as the airman, crazes him and he is about to kill himself when he is told over the phone that the biplane has landed without mishap. Then he collapses.

Upon landing after flight, Flarion gives Mrs. Warren a note, stating that her husband loves her dearly and to be true. Mr. Warren, after recovering from the swoon, receives a note and the broken stay, stating that the lesson was a rather severe one for a kiss. The wife quietly walks into the room as husband breaks the stay, falls to her knees, and husband forgives her. They are nestled in each other's arms, embarking on life's journey, each benefited with experience of a few days.

Training a Husband

(Majestic)

Charles Bender committed the unpardonable offense. When his wife, at the end of a wordy war, dismissed Bridget, their quarrelsome but excellent cook, Charles kicked; and to add insult to injury openly laughed at his little wife's boast that she could do the cooking very well herself. He at last reduced her to tears by openly scorning her best efforts in the way of his morning eggs and coffee.

He after took recourse in the century-old complaint, "Why didn't you learn to cook like my mother," whereup his wife forsook tradition and told him that she would get his mother to come at once and do the cooking, whereat Charles laughed in glee and intimated that there was now a chance that he would once more eat.

Mr. Bender stormed into his office after his unsatisfactory breakfast to find his chief clerk and stenographer waiting to tell him the news of their engagement and impending marriage. More in sorrow than in wrath he warned the young man to beware of the wife that cannot cook and was met with the assurance that the lady's ability as a stenographer was far inferior to her ability in the culinary art.

In the meantime his wife was sobbing out her troubles to her mother-in-law, who promptly took cause against the offender and declared that she would prepare a luncheon for her son that would open his eyes and possibly shock his palate.

Mr. Bender is summoned home by the glad assurance that his mother is now in charge of his kitchen, and with vivid anticipation of a delightful lunch, he repairs to the dining room. But at the first mouthful of an omelet, upon which his mother has done her worst, he throws up his hands in horror. Mother, pretending indignation, assures him that he has lost all sense of taste and that she will take his wife to the matinee, and that he can go ahead and prepare the dinner.

The women folk go out, and, with sleeves rolled up, Charles attacks the kitchen. One hour later the once well-ordered place is a wreck. Charles faces defeat. An inspiration strikes him. He hurries to the phone and tells his stenographer to come at once to his residence, admonishing her to say nothing to anybody of her errand. So, without satisfying the curiosity of her fiancé, Mr. Bender's chief clerk, she goes to the house and is bribed by her employer to prepare the dinner before his wife and her mother-in-law return.

She does so beautifully, and when the women return Hubby sits them down to a most excellent meal and grins at them in triumph. He has dismissed the stenographer and the success of his little plot seems assured. The stenographer's fiancé, suspicious and jealous, has followed her to the house; and, still worse, the girl has returned to the kitchen for her umbrella and is caught by the mother and wife when they go out to get the after-dinner coffee. Not knowing her, they think they have a thief on their hands, and it is up to her to tell the truth to explain her presence. She is then induced by mother to stay in the house and tell Hubby that, having



cooked for him once, she has fallen a victim to his masculine charms and thereby afford an opportunity for his wife to give him a very bad fifteen minutes.

The scheme succeeds very well, but, unfortunately, the girl's fiancé, peeking through the window, has not been told of the plot, and when he sees his girl making violent love to his employer, and later being upbraided by the seemingly indignant wife and mother-in-law, he breaks into the house with a mad desire to take his employer's life with any weapon handy.

The complications are finally straightened out and the once proud Charles reduced to his normal position of a humble and admiring husband.

The Crude Miss Prude

(Comet)



Priscilla Prude, an old maid, decides that it is time for her to seek a better half. So she hies herself to an employment agency and engages as chaperone. The first person selected is Pansy Blossom, a pretty and winsome young girl. Hulle Baxter calls on Priscilla, and when he sees Pansy his heart goes out to her immediately. Their feelings are mutual, with the result that they elope.

Nothing daunted, Priscilla hires Miss Bookstorm. Unlike Pansy, Miss Bookstorm is just the opposite in looks. Professor Hudley comes to see Miss Prude, but is attracted to Miss Bookstorm. It seems that they are fitted to each other. She is a very learned woman and a lover of books. Miss Prude is bored by their conversation and falls asleep. While in this condition the Professor and the new chaperone make love, and when discovered by the old maid are forthwith dismissed.

Mrs. McInscare is the last chaperone to be engaged. She is anything but attractive. In fact, her features are repulsive, and when Mr. Popaway, one of Miss Prude's many beaux, visits her, the sight of Mrs. McInscare disturbs his peace of mind and he flees. Left alone to her own thoughts and without any chaperone, Priscilla concludes to try her hand at the camera herself. Maybe she might get a husband that way. She goes to the same employment agency where she has been so unsuccessful and gets a position as companion to May Jones. Johnny Wilson calls on May. He greets her by kissing her hand. Miss Prude regards this as a breach of the rules of propriety and May is immediately sent to her room. Then Priscilla elects to entrench herself in the affections of Johnny. She warns him that all young men should beware of young girls. If he wants a wife, why not take her? Johnny is caught in the net, proposes to Priscilla, and the latter winds up by getting Johnny for her husband.



THE CRUDE MISS PRUDE





A Traitor on the Staff

(Champion)



Lieut. Gorman was passionately fond of Alice Rambeau, the daughter of his General. Walter Cranston, however, the handsome young subaltern of the same regiment, had already won that deep favor in the eyes of the sweet-faced Alice, and which favor we denominate—Love. Gorman saw the growing intimacy, and looked on with eyes averted and curvings of the lips that boded no good to his subordinate.

It came about that the General had decided to promote Cranston for bravery on the field of battle. Gorman was against this—the only officer on the staff to oppose the selection. Shortly after this, while the General and daughter were in deep conversation with Cranston, Gorman managed to secrete a valuable document in the hat-band of his rival. This document was missed shortly after, and the General instituted a rigorous search. Everything was knocked topsy-turvy, but to no avail.

Then it was that Lieut. Gorman threw suspicion on young Cranston, and when the subaltern appeared, Gorman knocked off his hat and thus disclosed the missing paper. But Alice had been in a position to observe the actions of Gorman, unperceived by him. A large mirror in the room had been so situated as to give her this unlooked-for opportunity. Alice then and there denounced Gorman, and he, having been taken to task by the General, and latterly by Alice herself, acknowledged his guilt and was led away in disgrace, while the young Lieutenant, restored to place and honor, found recompense in the warm embrace of the woman he loved.

From the start to the finish, the actions of the participants in this Photoplay are full of that vitalizing principle which is the result of the greatest mainspring of human action—jealousy.



The Misadventures of a Claim Agent

(American)



When young Jack Neivell found the evidence of pay dirt while prospecting, he decided at once to purchase the claim lease from the owner. If the mine paid as well as the samples he would soon be in a position to ask a certain question of the only girl.

He called at the office of the landman, and by turning over his savings, obtained the leases from the owner, who was much pleased to surrender what he considered a useless property.

Jack pitched his camp on his claim and started work. He soon made a respectable showing as far as hard work was concerned, but Dame Fortune was elusive.

It happened that Dad Curtis, the land owner, was also enamoured of Tess Williams, and he called to pay his respects and urge her to become Mrs. Curtis, on the morning that Jack struck a pay streak. In his excitement Jack hurried to Tess's home to tell her of his success and incidentally hers if she so willed.

Tess so willed, and poor old Dad returned home to cook a scheme to neutralize Jack's success.

He paid a visit to Jack's camp and secured the lease that the young prospector had carelessly left, and employed a bunch of squatters to work the claim for him.

When Jack returned from his successful wooing he was ordered off his claim by the squatters unless he could show his lease, and as that document was resting in the inside pocket of Dad Curtis, poor Jack was compelled to return to Tess empty handed. Tess did some rapid thinking and then some rapid work. She called on Dad Curtis, not conventionally but through the window in cog, and requested the return of the lease at the point of a gun. She notified the sheriff, and by her efforts the claim was promptly restored to Jack, and Tess then agreed to fight his battle for him for the rest of his life. A bright, breezy comedy with the snap and go.



The Winner of La Mesa



(American)

The little cowtown of La Mesa was controlled by the gambler saloon-keeper. Aided by his faithful gunman, the cowpunchers coming in off the range were fleeced of their earnings, and those that voiced their objections to the methods of the house were dealt with by the notorious gunman.

To add to the attractiveness of his place, the gambler employed Peggy, the waif of La Mesa, to act as barmaid, and the boys flocked to his place to exchange greetings with the girl. Her winsome personality was a magnet that held them until fleeced of their wages. Then they were kicked out by the gunman. In the course of time both Tex Garvin, the gambler, and Bill Jones, the gunman, were in love with Peggy, and jealousy bade fair to break the business relations between them.

Matters were in this state when a young minister, with his mother and sister, took up their abode in the town. The minister's sister was a revelation to the neglected barmaid, and she secretly resolved to become more like her, and when the minister's sister was insulted in front of the saloon Peggy put up a fight to protect her. The gunman turned his unwelcome attentions to Peggy, amid the shouts and jeers of the assembled cowboys. The minister hearing the commotion hurried to the spot, and, being a believer in physical as well as moral strength, promptly knocked her assailant down and took away his gun.

Later, when Peggy visited his sister, he asked her if she would like to make her home with them, and the happy girl accepted the offer with eagerness. Returning to the saloon she gathered her few belongings and made her announcement. The cowboys all cheer her and accompany her to the minister's home, where they give three cheers for him and agree to join his church.

Left in the saloon alone, the gambler sees the beginning of the end of his supremacy in La Mesa. Peggy, the magnet of his place, in the church would have the same drawing power over the men, who liked the happy-go-lucky lass. When his gunman enters the saloon the old gambler announces that one of them must make away with the man who has won the girl and all the boys from the gambling hell. They cut cards to see who shall do the deed, and it falls on old Tex Garvin himself. Bill taunts him and he flies into a rage. When he attempts to draw his gun Bill fires and kills the old man. He nerves himself with liquor and rushes to the minister's home. He finds Peggy in the yard and she hurries in to warn the minister of his danger. Regardless of her pleading, the minister determines to face the drunken, dangerous man. Peggy, who knows Bill's desperate character, picks up the gun that the minister had wrested from him in the previous encounter and follows. When Bill attempts to carry out his murderous intentions Peggy fires and saves the minister who had befriended her.

The Caddy's Dream

(Majestic)

Mr. Browntop and Miss Kelsomine go out to play golf. They engage Andrew McTavish, a long, lean Scotchman as caddie. After teeing the ball, Browntop hoists it with a tremendous drive into the atmosphere. They search and search but still no ball. At length, wearied with the quest they lie down in a haystack to sleep. They wake twenty years later, aged and forlorn, but still pursue the search through all sorts of places.

The caddy, feeling the need of a wee drap has sneaked off under a tree and fallen asleep. Mr. Browntop indignantly awakens him, telling him that he has searched half an hour and found no ball. The caddy wakes up, looks around wonderingly, and, as he understands the circumstances, chuckles to himself, saying: "Mon, but it was a funny dream."



Will You Marry Me?



(Majestic)

After a long and attentive courtship George has at last succeeded in persuading Mabel to name the day and accept the engagement ring, which he places upon her finger.

He leaves her for a few moments and rushes to the nearest florist to obtain a bunch of her favorite chrysanthemums before they depart for the football game of the year.

While he is busily engaged with the florist, Mabel's cook on her afternoon out, coquettes with her friend policeman outside the florist's door and carelessly drops her long white gloves on the sidewalk and departs for a walk in the park.

George comes out loaded with chrysanthemums and a very attractive lady passes him evidently on her way to the flower store. George sees the gloves upon the sidewalk, and, ever gallant, picks them up, assuming that the lady has dropped them. She has her gloves on, however, and thinks George is trying to flirt with her, and calls a policeman and threatens to have him arrested. She leaves the policeman with George and indignantly sails away. George manages to square things with the officer and hastens back to Mabel, who receives the flowers with proper appreciation.

A friend is announced, and to George's dismay it is none other than the lady who had accused him of attempting to flirt with her. She is introduced by Mabel to her fiancé, and at once recognizes George and denounces him. George is ushered out the front door by the officious butler, and in dismay sends a note to Mabel asking her to let him explain and threatens that if she does not he will take a solemn vow to marry the first girl who accepts him. Urged on by her friend, Mabel writes upon the note to go as far as he likes; that she is done with him.

George, being no quitter, is bent on fulfilling his rash vow. He sallies forth and proposes right and left, creating trouble and dismay wherever he goes, but he is everywhere refused. He at last meets one lady of ample proportions, who, while startled by his sudden suit, coyly accepts him and tells him that she will return at once in proper finery to go with him to the church.

It is Mabel's cook. She returns to her mistress and promptly shows the engagement ring. Mabel at once recognizes it and explanations ensue, which bring out the fact that the gloves which caused the trouble belong to the cook and that George's story about finding them was evidently true.

Mabel realizes that she has forced George to his rash action and resolves that their young lives shall not be blighted, and by a mirth-provoking device enables George to not only keep his vow but marry the right girl—and they lived happily ever afterward—maybe.



The Lady from the Sea

(Thanhouser)



In Ibsen's play of "The Lady From the Sea," he tells a powerful story of how a young and imaginative girl can be strongly affected by a really meaningless ceremony.

Elida was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper, and spent many hours near the water's edge, dreaming of the great ships she could see daily sailing by her home.

While she was still scarcely more than a child, one of these ships put in for repairs at a fishing village near the lighthouse, and its second officer, while on a day's outing to kill time, visited the lighthouse. He there met Elida, whose youth and beauty he admired. His stories of the sea and "the great beyond" won the immediate interest of Elida. He paid frequent visits to the lonely lighthouse, and the girl's interest in him soon developed into a fascination which almost amounted to a spell, which he cast upon her when he was in her presence.

While his ship was still undergoing repairs, the second officer quarreled with his captain, and a fight ensued in which the Captain was killed. The guilty man escaped from the ship, and, making his way to the lighthouse, forced Elida to assist in his flight. Before going he compelled her to plight her troth to him, inventing a strange ceremony to impress her, by fastening a ring which she wore to one of his, and casting them both into the sea. As soon as he had gone, Elida realized that to engage herself to this fierce, dominant man was sheer madness. And she wrote as soon as she could obtain his address, telling him that she would not consider the engagement binding, and that she would expect him to release and forget her, as she intended to release and forget him.

The sailor paid no attention to her letter, and simply wrote that some day he would return to claim her and that she must wait for him.

Being left alone by the death of her father, Elida finally consented to become the wife of Dr. Wangel, a friend of her father's, who had long admired her. The doctor was a widower with two grown daughters, and Elida found herself a stranger in her own home, and spent much of her time alone. Her loneliness naturally led to a mental depression, and as the years passed an awful dread grew in her mind of what her fate should be if her sailor lover ever returned to claim her.

Her imaginings had so strongly worked upon her that when the sailor did finally return from the sea, she entreated her husband to allow her to go to him, although she feared, and had grown to hate the strange man. Dr. Wangel tried to show her that her duty and happiness lay with her husband and her home, but feeling that she would never be perfectly content with any fear darkening her life, he decided to tell her that she was absolutely free; he would not hold her to her marriage vows.

When Elida found that she was free to choose between the sailor and her husband she realized that this man who had been a fearful mystery, whose very existence she concealed from everyone, including her husband, was simply a man whom she disliked, and whom she could freely marry or dismiss at her pleasure. Of her own free will she ordered the sailor to leave her, telling him that he no longer had power to intimidate or mystify her.

With perfect trust and no secrets between them, Dr. Wangel and his Elida started life anew, with no bar to their complete love and understanding.



The Story of She

(Thanhouser)



In Egypt, 2,000 years ago, there resided a woman who had discovered the secret of eternal youth and continual life. The result was that her beauty never faded. She lived in a cave and was happy until love entered her life.

The priestesses in the old Egyptian temples were not permitted to marry, but one of them listened to the pleadings of her admirer and eloped with him. For a year or so they lived happily together in the desert, then, with their child, decided to travel to some city.

Unfortunately for them, they were spied by SHE, who saw them in her magic curtain, another gift of hers that would be appreciated even in these up-to-date days. SHE, by her magic, lured the couple to her cave, because she had fallen violently in love with the man. But he was deaf to her demands that he leave his wife for her. Finding her love spurned, SHE, in a frenzy of rage, stabbed and killed her stubborn sweetheart. The wife, who witnessed the tragedy, was powerless to aid, and, to save the life of her baby, fled.

She finally reached England, and there her son grew up, and in the course of time his descendants became one of England's respected families. There was a secret handed down from father to son, the secret of SHE, and the death of the ancestor many centuries ago. Each head of the house swore his successor to hunt for SHE, and if he found her, put her to death. For the legend explained that SHE was like kind words in one respect, SHE could never die.

The last of the family to receive the message was Leo, who, although he did not know it, bore a striking resemblance to the far-away ancestor who was assassinated. Leo knew that many of his predecessors had met death in the quest, but this did not deter him, and he set out for Egypt, accompanied by his faithful friend, Holly.

There was a mutiny on their ship, and the two friends were set adrift in an open boat. By good luck they landed in the country over which SHE held domain. There they were promptly captured by cannibals and were in danger of death, but were saved by SHE, who saw them in her magic curtain, and ordered that they be brought before her.

SHE, with all her faults, had at least one good quality, constancy. Despite the lapse of 2,000 years, she still mourned for the husband of the Egyptian priestess, and believed that some day he would come back to her. And when she saw Leo she was convinced that he was a reincarnation of that old sweetheart of hers.

She explained to Leo that she retained her youth and beauty by baths in a magic fire, and planned to give him the same treatment, thereby insuring them the long distance wedding record. She bathed in the fire, while Leo looked on apprehensively. Then she asked him to try it, but he objected. To show him how easy it was, SHE immediately took a second bath, and that was her undoing. For it counteracted, so to speak, and immediately SHE became her real age, about 2,023 years old. Whereupon she shriveled up and died.

And Leo returned to his home, having fulfilled the family vendetta, although hardly in the manner that he had contemplated.



Deacon Debbs



(Thanhouser)

A young New Yorker has "expectations," the same being a wealthy uncle who lives in the country and who has signified his intentions of making the young man his heir. The nephew is naturally anxious to keep in the graces of the elder man, and does so, at long distance.

While he and his wife are entertaining some friends at a bridge party in their home one evening, they are shocked on receiving a telegram from a friend in the country informing them that Uncle is on his way to town, intending to visit the young man and find how he is withstanding the temptations of a great city. The nephew is a well-behaved young man, but he realizes that his law-abiding speed might look like a criminal spurt to a man fresh from the simple life of the country. He sees that something must be done at once, and having little time at his disposal, hastily adjourns the bridge party and organizes his laughing friends into a literary society, so as to make "a front" with Uncle.

The elder man arrives and is thoroughly impressed with the fact that his nephew is a serious minded youth, possessed of all the virtues we read about. As the days pass this conviction becomes deeper, for the nephew and his wife take the Uncle on a round of sightseeing, seeing the most solemn things and hearing the most high-browed of high-brow lectures.

Uncle does not know what they are suffering for his sake, for they hide their feelings. Finally, when they go to a particularly deep discourse, they get away by a ruse, leaving Uncle alone to enjoy the lecture while they run off to have a real "city time" by themselves. Having spent a jolly afternoon, they return and take Uncle home, again pleased with the thought that he had not been neglected.

Then, with renewed energy, they plunge into the work of entertaining Uncle. He is kept busy with a perfect round of books and edifying conversation. It palls on them but they do not show it.

One evening after Uncle has gone to bed, carrying an encyclopedia to read if he should awake during the night, the young couple steal into the sitting room. From its hiding place behind a row of books, the Nephew produces a decanter and a box of cigars. Chatting gaily with his wife, he prepares for a drink and a smoke. Suddenly there is an interruption. Like an avenging angel, his uncle stands glaring behind him. He takes the glass of strong liquor from the young man's trembling right hand, the cigar from his left. The young man tries to explain, the elder with a nod indicates a note on the table. It is from the uncle to his would-be heir, and contains the information that he, Uncle, has had the most dreary time in the world. He had come to the city for a good time, but all that came his way were lectures no person could or would want to understand. And he wound up by telling his nephew that he was a mutt, and was disinherited.

The Uncle watched the young folks while they read this letter. Then he winked and drank the liquor prepared for the nephew. He next lighted the cigar and, finding it good, forgave the culprits. Then they took Uncle out to "see the town."





Photoplay Stars



WARREN KERRIGAN
(American)



PAULINE BUSH
(American)



HARRY BENHAM
(Thanhouser)



GEO. PERILOT
(American)



MARGUERITE SNOW
(Thanhouser)

♣ NOTES OF THE PLAYERS ♣

MARGUERITE SNOW

Marguerite Snow, or "Peggy," as she is familiarly called around the Thanhouser studio, is the leading woman in the Thanhouser stock company. Miss Snow comes from Savannah and is the daughter of Billie Snow, the well-known minstrel. Although she played many parts while still a child, her real stage career did not begin until she was sixteen years old.

Her first engagement was with James O'Neill. Since she has played in "The College Widow," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," in "The Devil," with Stevens, with Thomas Jefferson, and at the Bijou Theater, Wheeling, where as leading lady of the stock company she played ten different parts.

Miss Snow believes that motion pictures offer splendid opportunities and is the best training an actress could desire. She said:

"I always have been enthusiastic about pictures. Although the exactions of pantomime are greater than the regular stage, I love playing before the camera better. After every picture for which I have posed, I always make it a point to see the pictures on the screen.

"In this way I can not only see myself as others see me, but can correct many objectionable mannerisms. I always feel that I can do better next time after I see myself in the pictures."

Miss Snow is not only a very handsome and attractive young woman, but has a winsome personality. Her popularity with the people who see her is unbounded. She has a natural talent for pantomime expression, and has won pronounced success in the silent characters she interpreted.

She has played with success in "The Moth," "The Romance of Lonely Island," "Back to Nature," "Count Ivan and the Waitress," "The Buddhist Priestess," "Young Lochinvar," "Tempter and Dan Cupid," "The Missing Heir," "Honeymooners," "Five Rose Sisters," "Burglar and Bride," "The Tomboy," "She," and "The Lady From the Sea."

HARRY BENHAM

Harry Benham is a recent addition to the Thanhouser Stock Company and is playing leading roles.

When the "Gay Musician" made its great success on Broadway several years ago, people began to ask who was that handsome, magnetic and talented young man playing the title role? The answer came back, Harry Benham.

Harry Benham comes from Indiana. During the ten years of his theatrical experience he has been in some of the leading Broadway productions. He began in Chicago with Henry W. Savage's production of "Peggy from Paris," and since has played in the "Sultan of Sulu," "In Woodland," "Madame Sherry," and with Marie Cahill.

Immediately after Mr. Benham joined the Thanhouser forces he became very popular. He is suave and clean-cut. His gentlemanly demeanor makes him an agreeable person to look at.

Mr. Benham is a believer in the future of motion pictures.

"I expect," says he, "that in the future the leading actors of the country will be attracted to the motion picture studio. This may sound rather broad, but it is really what is going to happen.

"When I first stepped into the motion picture studio I was somewhat surprised to find myself surrounded by such a competent array of talent. I had always received my information about motion pictures from the newspapers. I got the impression that it would be a come-down for a good actor to pose for pictures. But what a mistaken idea I had!

"I find that it requires more talent and intelligence to pose for pictures than it does to go through a part on the legitimate stage."

Mr. Benham has played with success in the Thanhouser production of "The Satyr and the Lady," "Their Burglar," "Missing Heir," and "David Copperfield." He is a man of unusual intelligence and gives the parts he interprets a subconscious strength and scene.



EDWARD F. MCINTYRE

Mr. McIntyre, Director of the Associated Motion Picture Schools, is an authority upon all matters pertaining to the literary and artistic side of the photoplay and the production of motion picture dramas.



The Story of the Motion Picture



An Account of the Discovery and Development of Animated Photography. How Governor Stanford Won His Bet and Was the Cause of the Development of a New Art. By Edward Francis McIntyre.

If you had been standing near Leland Stanford's private race track in California about forty years ago watching a photographer making pictures of the millionaire's running horse, you might have witnessed the birth of the motion picture idea. You might not have realized this fact, for even the photographer, Edward Muybridge, did not realize it. Nevertheless, it was the beginning of a series of experiments that have not ended yet, and which will continue until the absolutely perfect motion picture, in all its natural colors, is thrown upon the screen, with the accompanying "natural" sounds artificially reproduced.

Leland Stanford, once governor of California, and the founder of the university which bears his name, had a bet with a friend that a horse, while running, never has all of his feet off the ground at one time. Where Stanford conceived the idea history does not state, but everyone knows that all artists, up to that time, had drawn running horses with all feet in the air at once.

The question was how to settle the bet. Stanford, with all his millions, was a sport and was willing to spend any sum to prove that he was right. There was a photographer named Muybridge, an Englishman, who had been doing wonderful things in instantaneous photography, an art at that time (1872) in its infancy. Stanford sent for Muybridge. He told the photographer of his bet and directed him to go ahead and make all the pictures necessary to prove his contention. It was an order that would have delighted the heart of any scientific experimenter.

Muybridge rigged up about twenty-five cameras, each set a certain distance apart, and stretched silk threads so that the horse, when running past each camera, would break the thread and open the shutter of the lens at the exact moment that the animal was in the field of vision. Each time the horse ran past the string of cameras he made 25 photographs of himself. The old style wet plates were used and the labor of making the photographs was immense, yet it is said that Muybridge and his assistants made nearly half a million photographs, proving incidentally, that a running horse never has all four feet off the ground at once.

One day Muybridge was talking to the governor. He held in his hand a series of unmounted photographs of the horse, arranged in the order in which they had been taken. As Muybridge chatted he mechanically ruffled the edges of the pictures between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand while he held the opposite edge rigidly between the thumb and index finger of the left hand—just as one "thumbs" over the pages of a book. To Muybridge's astonishment the horse appeared to be running. Each step

in the gallop could be seen plainly. He ruffled the pictures again and again—the horse appeared to move his legs and feet in the regular order. Astonished, he called Stanford's attention to the illusion. Stanford pronounced it very interesting. Muybridge went back to his studio to experiment further. He wanted to find a way by which he could exhibit this illusion to an audience in a hall. He had already a series of lectures on animal locomotion to be illustrated by stereopticon views of subjects that he himself had made. It took Muybridge eight years to make the next step—the projection of this illusion on a screen. To San Francisco belongs the distinction of having seen this first motion picture.

Muybridge selected from his half million plates a series which represented every change of position in the horse's feet and legs during one "stride." Glass positives or lantern slides were made of these and they were mounted on a wheel about 40 feet in circumference. By means of a magic lantern or stereopticon these pictures were projected upon a screen. The result was the effect of a running or galloping horse. This was the first and undoubtedly the most expensive motion picture ever made by photography. Muybridge called his machine a "zoopraxicope." It was based upon the principle of the zoetrope, a popular toy in the first half of the nineteenth century.

In 1880 Muybridge exhibited his zoopraxicope in San Francisco. In 1881 he repeated the lecture and the exhibition in Paris. There he met J. Marey of the Institute of France. In New York in 1883 he met and conferred with Thomas A. Edison. From these two meetings grew the motion picture as known today. Marey, the scientist, invented the continuous strip of celluloid—the film—while Edison, the American, perfected the film by the invention of the perforations and the pin sprocket wheel so that each picture would register exactly over the one that had preceded it, thus eliminating the "flicker." These were the three basic ideas, which, improving upon the toy zoetrope, gave us the motion picture camera by which we take the pictures and the projecting machine by which we exhibit the picture.

Meanwhile other inventors had not been idle. Lumiere was working upon the cinematograph and Castler upon the biograph and the mutoscope. Nearly all of these machines and other similar ones were "perfected" at about the same time by different persons working independently of each other in widely separated localities. It was in 1895 that the public first saw the motion picture as we know it today. It was a crude, blinding affair, flickering and jumping about, but wonderful withal.

The Recoil

(Apologies to B. L. T. (Chicago Tribune)
I met a friend of lofty brow,
As lofty as the laws allow;
I said to him, "You'll know, I'm sure,
What's doing now in littrychoor."
Said he, "I hate the very name—
I'm weary of the bloomin game.
I read whenever I have time
Something by Phillips Oppenheim."

"Cheer up," said I; "what's new in art?
You drift around the picture mart;
What do you think of Mr. Blum?
Some say he's great, some say he's bum."
"I'm strong for Blum," my friend replied;
"His pictures are so queer and pied.
I wouldn't change them if I could;
I'd rather have things queer than good."

I spoke of this, I spoke of that,
But everything was stale and flat;
Said I, "You once adored the chaste;
You used to have such perfect taste."
"Good taste," he wailed, "brings but distress;
'Tis an affliction, nothing less;
While those whose taste is punk and vile
Are happy all the blessed while."

"Oh, take a brace, old man!" said I;
"Let me prescribe a nip of rye;
And then we'll go to see a play—
I've two for Barrymore today."
"No, no," he groaned; "'twould be a bore,
With all respect to Barrymore."
Said I, "Then whither shall we go?"
Said he, "A moving picture show."

Said I, "My friend, I'm surely there,
Let's to the motion pictures fare,
And see cowboys romping, riding gay,
And see, I hope, a dashing play.
Or, perchance, bravely making love,
As bashful as a turtle dove.
It's cowboy films for me, my friend—
On that you surely can depend."

My friend of lofty brow and I
To an Independent show did hie.
And there a picture we did see.
"Why, this is marvelous," quoth he,
"A production that, e'en though it's canned,
Denotes the touch of a master hand;
Perfect action, theme that's mete—
Independent pictures are sure a treat."



Hands Across the Sea

A Romaniic Story of the War of 1776
(Eclair)



The smoke had hardly cleared away from Bunker Hill, when, on the 3d of July, 1775, standing beneath a large elm tree at Cambridge, Washington took command of the Continental Army. Following this, Franklin was dispatched to France for aid. Silas Deane, with his wife and daughter, were already on the ground. Deane and Franklin found enthusiastic allies in Count de Rochambeau and the young Marquise de Lafayette. Through their good influence, Vergennes, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was interested. The greatest drawback in the French Court was Montraville, English rep-

resentative. He and Rochambeau were rivals for Grace Deane's hand, so this spurred Rochambeau and his bosom friend, Lafayette, to further efforts in behalf of the Americans.

At an audience with King Louis XVI., when assistance was refused, Lafayette and Rochambeau voluntarily offered their services in the cause of American liberty. Ships were equipped and soldiers armed at their own expense, and the expedition started out to the new world. Shortly afterward, Franklin and Deane returned to their own country.

Montraville, disappointed at Grace Deane's departure with her father, went back to England, resigned his office and secured a commission in the Army. When on the point of sailing, he met Charlotte Temple, and persuaded her to run away from the convent, where she was studying, and elope with him.

With his poorly equipped raw recruits, Washington won several notable battles against the English and hired Hessians. He welcomed the arrival of Lafayette and Rochambeau with open arms. They were treated with highest honors and given important commands.

A strange contrast was offered by Washington's poorly clad but brave, hardy patriots and the pampered well drilled Englishmen and hired Hessians under Clinton and Cornwallis.

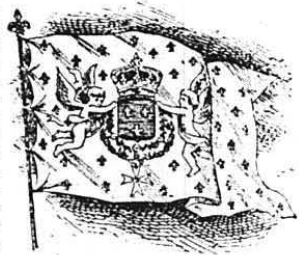
Rochambeau and Lafayette found time even in the exactions of a busy campaign to visit Grace Deane. Their visit was most timely, as she and her mother were alone and defenseless, and their home was about to be searched for a secret messenger whom they had concealed there. Montraville was in charge of the searching



General Marigny



General Nathaniel Greene



Royal Flag of France



American Flag of 1877



One of Morgan's Riflemen



DeKalb

party. Lafayette and Rochambeau not only succeeded in protecting Miss Deane, but outwitted Montravelle and sent the messenger safe on his way.

Montravelle's old love for Grace Deane was re-aroused, so he neglected Charlotte Temple, who had confided her all to his keeping. She formed a pathetic figure waiting patiently in her poor lodgings for his infrequent visits.

The air was portentous with rumors of war. There was hurrying and scurrying on all sides. The colonists flocked to the side of Washington. The field was left untilled, the tree lay where it fell, the builder dropped his hammer to take up the sword.

Lafayette and Rochambeau experienced the greatest feeling of brotherly appreciation on all sides. When Lafayette's men were struggling with a heavy cannon on a steep road. Farmer Brown, in a nearby field, unhitched his oxen from the plow and rushed to their assistance.

Washington decided to attack Sir Henry Clinton at Monmouth. Wayne and Lafayette were given command. Lee refused, but afterward changed his mind and headed an important force. Lee timidly ordered a retreat, but was met and publicly reprimanded by Washington. Afterward he redeemed himself in the field. Supported by Lafayette, Washington led the attack on Clinton at Monmouth. Clinton gallantly returned the charge. He makes the gunners and field pieces his special point of attack. Mollie Pitcher, a heroic woman, while carrying water to the parched soldiers, sees her husband shot dead beside the field piece he was operating. She throws aside the water bucket and takes his place.

Lee, in his anxiety to redeem his honor, advances too far into the enemy's lines. A hand-to-hand combat takes place in which he is wounded and about to be captured, when rescued by Lafayette. Washington secures a glorious victory over Clinton at Monmouth.

The general rejoicing is suddenly checked by the news of Benedict Arnold's treason at West Point. Major Andre is caught as a spy within the American lines and a secret message is found concealed in his boot. He is hanged as a spy, while Arnold escapes.

In the midst of all this turmoil no one has time to think of poor Charlotte Temple. Grace Dean finds her in a pitiable state. A child is born to her and she is in the extremest poverty. Miss Deane takes her home and cares for her. When she is convalescing, fate sends Montravelle their way. He comes to renew his suit with Miss

Deane and is confronted by the girl whom he has wronged. Miss Deane spurns him, but the shock of his meeting and his perfidy was too much for



Ethan Allen



La Fayette



Rochambeau



Plaski

the youthful mother, and she died. So they buried poor Charlotte Temple in Trinity churchyard, where her grave is yet to be seen, and a mysterious stranger, thought by some to be her granddaughter, regularly visits the grave, places her wreath of flowers, offers up a prayer, and sheds a tear for the unfortunate victim of an unhappy love.

This all served to bring Grace Deane and Rochambeau closer together. He vowed, if chance threw him in his way, to punish Montraville as he deserved.

That winter was severe on the small army of patriots at Valley Forge. Ill fed and poorly clad, they slept by their camp fires on the bare ground. Often in the cold nights their commander, forgetful of his own rest and comfort, could be seen walking among the sleepers, drawing the blanket or coat more closely over this one and that to protect them from the chill winds and watching over them all like a father.



Cornwallis, on the other hand, was in the midst of luxury. The soldiers were well quartered and spent their time in drinking and gaming. The Hessians were bravest of the brave in the tap-room, while in battle they were often found where the bullets were the thickest—under the ammunition wagon.

Lafayette was stationed near Yorktown, where he caused no end of trouble to Cornwallis, who occupied the town.



Lord Cornwallis



Benedict Arnold

Washington, reinforced by Rochambeau, made a quick maneuver, outwitted Clinton at New York, and was well on his way for a concerted action at Yorktown before the enemy realized his intention. Earthworks and block-houses were constructed. Frequent attacks were made under Lafayette. The outer works to Yorktown were taken. Cornwallis was in a state of siege. He made a gallant charge against Washington in the open, but was met with too forceful a resistance. While the battle was raging, Rochambeau espied Montraville. A sharp encounter took place. These



two, forgetful of the roar of battle, engaged in hand-to-hand combat. Rochambeau finally conquered.

Lafayette, wounded, retires to a block-house for protection. It is heavily attacked by the English. The block-house takes fire and he and his comrades are in danger of a horrible death. Knowing that he is the prize the English are after, he gathers his men around him and says, "Place a musket in my hands and place me before the door. They will all fire on me, and while their guns are empty dash through them and away." Reluctantly they obey. He falls at the first shot; his comrades dash out to freedom. He is just about to be captured, when Washington's victorious troop dashes up and rescues him. The victory is complete. Cornwallis realizes the futility of further resistance and surrenders to Washington. Honors are showered on Lafayette and Rochambeau. Washington's return to the North is a triumphal march. And America stretches out her hand in love and gratitude to France, the friendly nation across the sea.

A Censored Censor

(By R. D. Armstrong)

I read about a reformer who called all films indecent;
"They should be censored," was his cry in publications recent.
He would not say a word of praise for any firm's production—
His mind was groping in a haze to find some way to knock 'em.
Whenever anyone would state that pictures gave them pleasure,
He'd open up as sure as fate about some brand new measure
He'd introduce before too late into the legislature
To stop the awful wave of crime that to his mind was certain
Arose from viewing picture firms upon a whitened curtain.
He'd never lose a chance to go to view a Photoplay,
And then discourse an hour or so on how pictures led astray
The boys and girls in public school, and any little wrong
Became the crime of "picture fools," according to his song.
He was the leader in his State, and when he was selected
To run for governor, it was his fate that he should be elected.
Clothed in the power to name their fate, he started on his way
To stop forever in his State the dangerous photoplay.
He chanced upon a picture show, the lights were all ablaze,
And read in the electric glow, we "feature picture plays."
He marched into the darkened room and saw upon the screen
A vision of his boyhood days, with cowboys in the scene—
A picture play of the early West, to his enraptured gaze
Recalled life to him at its best, in a show of Photoplays,
And after sessions, dragging slow, and debating most protracted,
To regulate the picture show he had a law enacted:
"No patron of a picture show may occupy a seat,
Unless they first remove their hats, to not obstruct the sheet."





Temperaments

(Comet)

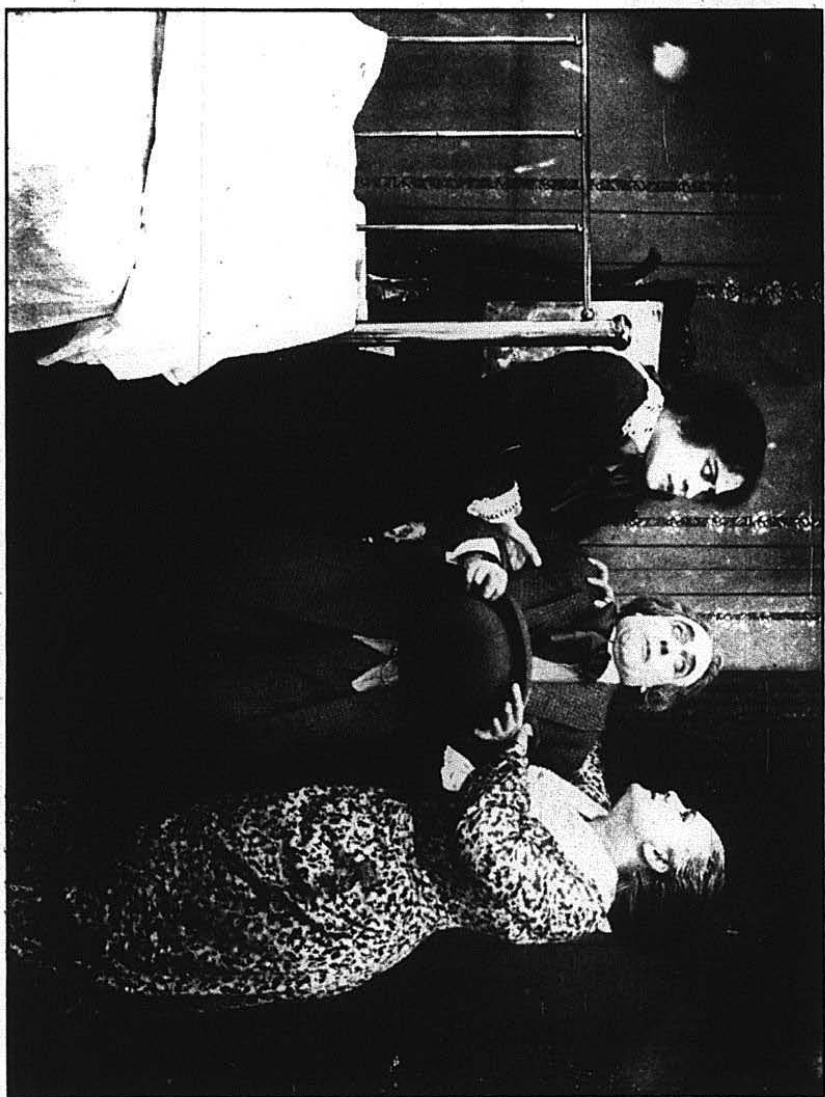


Hans Mahler is a musical coxcomb, and after traveling all over town in search of rooms, finally finds suitable quarters in a modest house in the upper part of the city. The first one to greet him is Martha, a pretty little maid. Hans' only companion is his violin, and in the seclusion of his abode finds considerable recreation playing on it. The strains of his melodies attract Mrs. Hahn, a rich widow, who lives next door with her blind daughter, Gretchen. Mrs. Hahn seeks an introduction, and after the meeting tells her daughter about it. Mrs. Hahn, as well as Gretchen, fall desperately in love with the musician. Gretchen, keeping her feelings from her mother, asks what he looks like. She is told that he is ugly, uncouth and unworthy.

Martha also is in love with Hans, but dare not tell him. However, her heart pines to reveal her secret when she sees the widow and her idol talking in the garden in the back of the house.

Gretchen is having her eyes treated, and, after an operation, her sight is restored. When she sees Hans for the first time and realizes that he is not ugly but good-looking, she gleans the truth from her mother. Then there is a struggle between the women to capture the heart of the coxcomb. They throw their arms around his neck, kiss him and make his life miserable. Finally he releases himself and tells them that he is going away; that neither interest him and that he is wedged to his art. Then, adding insult to injury, he reveals the fact that he is going to marry Martha, the maid, to whom he has proposed and been rapturously accepted.





TEMPERAMENTS



Simple Lives



(Comet)

Jewel Mason likes to read novels, and in this way she establishes a code of ideals. At any rate, she decides that if they really exist they must be found in the big city. She has lived in the country all her life, and when she elects to go to New York she is dissuaded by her parents and her sweetheart, Raymond Wheeler. Jewel is a willful girl and eventually has her way. Raymond has ambitions to become a painter, and also, unknown to Jewel, comes to town. He visits various artists with samples of his work tucked under his arm, but receives little encouragement. Finally, he meets William Carleton, a young and well-known artist, and the pair become well acquainted. Jewel secures a position as waitress in a lunch room. Her first customer is Carleton. When he asks her to give up her job and pose for him she is only too willing to accept. Carleton makes love to her and tries to kiss her, and she learns to despise him. She makes up her mind to quit him, and goes behind a screen to dress herself for the street. While she is putting on her cloak Raymond enters. He shows Carleton a picture which he has just finished. Carleton, after looking at it in a perfunctory sort of way, tells him that it is worthless and that he should not waste any of his time trying to become an artist. The heartlessness of his remarks fires Jewel and she comes from behind the screen and denounces Carleton then and there. Then she points out to her sweetheart the futility of remaining in the city, and they agree to both return to the country, fully convinced that it is the only place where they can find real happiness.



SIMPLE LIVES



Zigomar

Thrilling detective story

Feature and Educational Film Co.



Paulin Broquet, the great detective, examines a number of papers in his office, referring to the robberies that have been committed at the Grand Hotel, the Pauloff bank, and a necklace stolen from an actress. A special note from the police officials of Paris states that numerous robberies are being committed by a band that is using the letter "Z" as their signature.

The detective prepares for the struggle with the "Z" gang, and leaves his office for a few moments, only to return and find that his portfolio, with all his papers, has disappeared, and in its place finds a very insolent note signed "Z." The detective takes up the challenge, and swears to get hold of the leader of this mysterious band and bring him to justice.

Fate seems to favor the detective in his search for the criminal, when he rescues a working girl, who is being bothered by the attentions of a strange man, and, roughly pushing him aside, causes him to drop a card. The detective picks it up, and its contents give him a valuable hint as to the meeting place of this mysterious "Z" gang. As a clever detective, he at once goes to the place, examines the locality and prepares his plan of attack.

In the meantime, Zigomar does not lose any time, but gives his men orders to carry away the girl from the workshop, drug her, put her in a trunk and carry her away to the robbers' den, where she can be used as a plaything for their master.

At midnight the whole "Z" gang, obeying the orders of their chief, go to St. Magliore Church—down into the crypt and remove a tombstone. While at work they are being watched by the detective, who pretends to be a statue. He finds out the secret of the hiding place, follows the "Z" band, in order to learn their secrets, when suddenly he finds himself imprisoned in an iron cage. He is then put in a box and carried away by a number of strong men. They take him in the open country, place him in a van, and in their haste to get away collide with another van, which brings a number of officials on the scene. One of the officers thinks the case suspicious and orders it to be opened.

The detective appears in it, to the surprise of the police, and he borrows a horse from one of them to go in chase of Zigomar, who had taken advantage to make his escape. After a wild chase across the country he overtakes his man, but to his great surprise it is not Zigomar, but one who gives him some valuable information. He arrests his man, and finds out that Zigomar, disguised as a gypsy, goes every morning to the Abbey Restaurant. The detective also goes there, and disguised as a bandsman—having made all preparation for the chief's arrest—takes his place as leader of the band.

The "Z" band have spies everywhere. The detective is recognized and Zigomar is warned of his presence, and succeeds in making his escape by a series of rapid transformations. He is nearly captured as he is jumping on a train, but turns and strikes the detective a vigorous blow, which sends him back half stunned, and the train goes off at full speed.

The criminal does not lose any time on the train, holding up all the

passengers, threatening them with his revolver, and then jumps off the train while going at full speed. The scene of the excitement of the passengers in the train after the robber has left, forms one of the most striking scenes in the film, as also is the leap of Zigomar from the train while going at full speed.

The detective is now furious at his failure in his second attempt to catch the criminal, and don't know how to discover his lost trail, but while reading the newspapers discovers a note which reads that the Hotels in the Alps have been robbed by the famous "Z" gang, and he at once sets off for that place.

The detective arrives in town, sets off for the hotel, and informs the manager who he is. At night, the detective on watch, sees the light of a dark lantern carried by Zigomar, who, with a black hood over his head, comes down the stairs and tries to force a door. The detective starts forward and is about to capture his man, but with a quick move Zigomar blows out the lantern, and in the darkness once more makes his escape.

The detective is not discouraged. The strange actions of a rich traveler has aroused his suspicions, and as he is going to make a trip into the mountains, the detective joins the party as a guide.

The party is now climbing the snowy mountain peaks of Switzerland, and Zigomar, identified by the detective, is captured on the brink of a precipice, but a few minutes later he takes advantage of a narrow pass, throws his enemy into the abyss, and escapes by leaping over the glaciers. The detective slips from ledge to ledge, and stops on the edge of a precipice. He is found there senseless, but is saved by heroic efforts.

The last effort of Zigomar is to obtain a necklace, valued at \$100,000, from a dancer, known as Esmee, and the detective, disguised as a Marquis, goes to protect the dancer, but the "Z" gang spy him and lock him in a dressing room.

The festivities at the ball begin by having Esmee lead the procession, wearing all her jewels, and who is about to please the public with her will-o'-the-wisp dance. In the darkness we see tiny flames light up, and Esmee appears in her fascinating dance, going faster and faster every turn, until she falls to the floor, exhausted. Zigomar takes advantage of everybody's eyes being on the exhausted dancer, and sets fire to the hangings, so as to be able to steal what he can in the ensuing disorder. This is a terrible spectacle. The once gay scene ends in flame and terror, with all the people rushing to the doors in the red light of fire, while Zigomar and his band stoop over those falling unconscious in the smoke and rob them of their jewels.

The detective is half stifled by the smoke in the narrow room into which he has been locked. He guesses what has happened and succeeds in bursting the door open. Entering the ball room with the police, just in time, he catches Zigomar leaning over the corpse of the dancer and removing the necklace. This time he is captured—flight is impossible.

Zigomar lays a trap for the detective, who bites, by offering to take him where the shop girl is held captive, and says he will release the girl and restore her to her fiancé.

He leads the police to the crypt of the Church of St. Magliore, and frees the girl, who throws herself into the arms of her fiancé and her deliverer, the detective.

Taking advantage of this moment Zigomar escapes from his guards, turns a stone, a secret he alone knows, and escapes. The detective follows to the crypt, where Zigomar takes a dynamite cartridge from a hole and blows up the crypt.

A Story of the Great Desert of Sahara

(By R. W. Keenan)

I was lounging one afternoon in the eastern part of Tripoli, a city in northern Africa and on the Mediterranean, looking at the ancient castle of the Bashaws, when I was startled to see the wall of a corner bastion of the fortress open where it joined the ground and a figure emerge and come running toward me. On he came, staggering under the weight of heavy-iron shackles, till he reached a point within a few yards of me, when he sank down, evidently not knowing which way to turn. He was blinking his eyes as if blinded by the light of the sun.

Then I saw a puff of smoke on the ramparts of the castle, heard a report and saw evidences of a stirring in and about the stronghold. It was evident that a prisoner had escaped. The man was a skeleton, and the agony on his face at knowing that he must be taken was distressing. Darting toward him, I began to heap sand over him, and, having some knowledge of his language, told him that I was trying to conceal him. He suffered me to do so, and I partly covered him with sand, partly with an overcoat I wore, for a chilly sea wind was blowing. Then I sat down on him, lighted a pipe and began to puff, looking out with feigned interest on the Mediterranean.

I never knew who gave the alarm, but it must either have been the fugitive's jailer, who had noticed his dungeon vacant, or someone on the outside, who ran in to communicate what he had seen. At any rate, whoever told of the escape must have lost sight of the fleeing man, for when a party ran out from the fortress to follow him they scattered in all directions, evidently none of them knowing which direction to take. Most of them ran toward the shore, doubtless thinking he would naturally go there in hope of escaping by boat. He certainly couldn't swim out to any of the ships, loaded as he was with irons.

Several persons came near where I was, but they were too excited by the chase to pay much attention to me, for I was in European dress and evidently not the man they sought. One fellow was heading for me when I pointed, vociferating wildly at the same time to a pearl diver's boat lying near the shore. This probably saved the man I was hiding, for it was likely that had I permitted the searcher to come nearer he would have noticed that the sand had been disturbed.

For half an hour I sat on my man, and while I sat I thought. My act had been the result of an impulse. I had interfered with the law and if detected would probably occupy a dungeon such as the fugitive had left. From the moment I realized my position I shivered whenever I saw any one coming in my direction. The sun was sinking in the west, and I prayed earnestly that it might set and leave darkness behind it. Gradually the searchers thinned out, not supposing that the fugitive could be near at hand, and finally the search was given up in my immediate vicinity.

When it grew dark enough to warrant my uncovering the man I did so. His eyesight was now far better than mine, for, as I had supposed, he had become used to what little light might make its way into a dungeon. I told him to go where he liked, but he pleaded with me so eagerly to help him get rid of his chains that I could not refuse him. Besides, I considered him in a sense as Robinson Crusoe looked upon the man he had saved from

the cannibals, his own man Friday. So I covered him again, went up into the town, bought a coarse file, and, returning, cut off his shackles, which I buried in the sand. Then, giving him what money I had in my pockets, I told him to go his way.

I could not see his features, but I could feel his gratitude in the pressure of his hand and hear what he said. Translated into English, it is this:

"Allah is great. When you are in trouble he will send me to help you."

With that he disappeared in the darkness.

The next day I walked past the point in the wall from which he had made his escape. I saw a hole just large enough for a lean body such as his to pass through. He had doubtless managed to secure some sharp implement, with which he had dug his way out through crumbling places. Indeed, I visited his prison and was shown the cell in which he had lived for twenty years and the passage he had dug. But, conscious of the part I had taken in his escape, I did not linger longer than to satisfy my curiosity. Indeed, whenever a Turkish official looked at me I felt that I was suspected.

Not feeling sure that I might not, after all, come to be known as having hidden the prisoner, I went to the United States consul and told him that I feared arrest for an infringement of Turkish law and asked him to send every day to my lodgings to ask if I were still there. What I feared was being spirited away and put in a dungeon without any of my countrymen knowing what had happened. I was planning for a trip down into the desert, but I had my outfit to purchase and my attendants to hire. So it was impossible for me to get away for some time.

I confess I felt relief when one morning, with three camels and half a dozen men, including my servant, Hadji who had attended me while in Tripoli, I started on my journey. I had tried in vain to secure the services of some trustworthy Bedouin who knew the desert and would make a safe guide. But whenever I found a man who knew the country I was warned that he would probably murder me and possess himself of my effects, and when I found a man with a reputation for morality he knew nothing about the desert. I finally started with no one but myself to rely on, and I had occasion to bitterly rue my temerity.

My journey was one continued effort to protect myself against thieves and robbers. It was useless to put my men on guard at night, for they did not seem to care whether what I had was stolen or not. One night while I was watching I noticed a large dog prowling near my camp. Presently I discerned a desert thief directing the animal, who had been taught to steal.

But this was a mere bagatelle compared with a sandstorm that overtook us, and the sandstorm was not so dangerous as a man I hired for a guide from one oasis to another, who tried to pilot me into an ambush where a band of robbers were waiting to kill me.

Not being satisfied with hiring guides, I determined to go through to the next oasis without one. The distance was three days' travel, but at the end of the third day I looked in vain on the horizon for that bunch of fauna which indicated an oasis. I camped, and the next day we traveled in the burning sun without seeing any sign of a point for refreshments, nor did we meet a caravan. The sandstorm had obliterated any tracks of the great route between Tripoli and the Sudan on which we had started. All about us was an unmarked wilderness of sand. The desert is so immense that when one loses his position there is no hope of finding it again. One on that boundless sea without knowing what direction to take can only go on, day after day, hoping to strike an oasis.

That is what we were compelled to do.

The sensation of being lost in a wilderness of sand was frightful enough in itself, but to see the stock of provisions day by day growing smaller, the skin pouches holding the water growing thinner, with the hot sun pouring down on one's brain, is maddening.

So we toiled on, hoping each day for some end to this frightful journey. Either a distant caravan, an oasis, or even a band of robbers would have

been welcome. And now the humps on the camels' backs became shrunken. We had no water to give them, for we were using ourselves what remained in one of the pouches. We killed one of the camels for the water in its hump. Then we killed another. One of my men died, then another and another, most of them mad, till about all were dead and I was left alone, a human being, with a camel. Alas, I must sacrifice my only companion for what water was left in him. I killed him and was alone on the great desert of Sahara.

I fell asleep that evening praying that I might never awaken. But I was awakened by a touch. There, by the light of a full moon that had arisen perhaps an hour before, I saw a skeleton of a man in Bedouin costume bending over me.

"Allah has sent me," he said.

He took me up in his arms and carried me away, I knew not where, for to me there was no north, south, east or west. Most of the time I was unconscious. When I was not I was looking up into the dome of the heavens, whose stars seemed to be glaring at me. Then suddenly I thought I was in a boat in a choppy sea, but soon recognized the motion of a camel. I put out my hand and felt hair. Straps were about me so that I could not fall. I felt a cup of water placed to my lips and saw the face of the man I had saved at Tripoli holding it while I drank. Then I slept.

In the morning I found myself lying on green grass in an oasis.

I have told my story. I shall not attempt to explain it. Nor am I going to ask anyone to believe it. I certainly do not expect persons to believe what I would not believe myself had it been told me instead of having happened to me. One thing occurred to me the moment I was conscious of having been saved. I was seized with a desire to know whether I had been saved by the quick or the dead.

I joined a caravan passing through the oasis northward of Tripoli. On reaching there, after rest and having satisfied myself that the escaped prisoner I had hidden no longer occupied either the popular or official mind, I went to the castle for any information I might pick up. I interviewed those in charge as to what had become of the man who had escaped and found that his jailers felt considerable superstition as to his disappearance, claiming that in his chains and hunted by so many persons he could not have escaped without the interposition of Allah.

I asked them who he was, but was told that he had been in prison so long that his identity had been forgotten. I was greatly disappointed at this, for it precluded the possibility of my ever hunting up the man through his relatives and discovering whether he was living or had died. So I reluctantly sailed away from Tripoli, feeling that I must wait for an explanation until I had entered that existence where all things will be made plain.

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